THE

LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JUNE, 1817.

MISS SARAH BLANCHE MATTHEWS.

IT is very natural to be desirous of obtaining information concerning the Lives of Public Characters, or of those who have had a share in contributing to many a pleasant and rational hour of our amusement; not that the occurrences of a life usually monotonous, and not likely to abound in events, can of itself afford either much amusement, or instruction; but in passing over these unimportant details, we associate the recollection of past pleasure; and hence results the principal satisfaction of perusing memoirs, otherwise uninteresting, of persons so well known, and whose professional abilities are so greatly admired. There are also other considerations, such as tracing the progress of individuals in a profession, till they arrive nearer perfection; and giving matter for comparison between their early efforts and more matured exertions; but in addition to these, one of the prettiest women on the stage, as in the present instance, will ever be a pleasing object to contemplate; and therefore it is not surprising that correct and highly-finished Portraits of such Females, if not the Memoir, should have more than usual attraction.

With these preliminary observations, which are applicable, with few exceptions, to most public performers, we pursue our task of laying before our readers the few facts that come within our knowledge of the interesting subject of our Memoir.

Miss Matthews is the second daughter of Mr. Thomas Matthews, many years a most respectable bookseller in the city of Bristol, and was born in the month of May, 1794. She early discovered a taste for music; and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Cummins, of Bath, an eminent master. A considerable proficiency having been made in a science begun from partiality alone, afterwards determined the choice of a profession not thought of. Her sister (now Mrs. Payne, who had been very successful at the Liverpool and Manchester theatres) recommended her making an essay on the stage; and had nearly concluded an engagement for her with Mr. Talbot, of the Belfast theatre, when, being accidentally introduced to Mr. Dimond, the proprietor of the Bath theatre, that gentleman was so well pleased with her voice and style of singing, that he persuaded her to relinquish the engagement for which she was in treaty, and enter into one for the season with him. Accordingly, at the age of sixteen, in the month of December, 1810, she appeared for the first time in the character of Clarissa, in the Opera of Lionel and Clarissa, and met with a very flattering reception. The sweet and simple style of her singing, and the animated and artless manner of her performing the character, heightened by the youth and beauty of her person, strongly interested the audience in her favour, concealed, or made them overlook, her want of experience, and rendered her success decisive. This part was succeeded by Rosina and Virginia, which were equally successful. At this time, she withdrew from the stage for the more important duty of attending her mother in a declining state of health; on whose decease, in the month of August, 1811, she was again recalled to the theatre; and entered into a three years' engagement. She continued to perform for two years with progressive improvement, and increasing success; when she

received an offer of an engagement for five years from the managers of the Covent-Garden theatre; to whom she had been recommended by Mr. Fawcett, while acting for a few nights at the Bath theatre. Though she had one year of her engagement unexpired at Bath, Mr. Dimond generously waved all considerations of self-interest, and gave up the articles rather than injure her prospects.

Miss Matthews made her *debut* at Covent-Garden theatre in the characters of Katherine in the Exile, and Rosina, in the afterpiece of that name, on the same evening, and was greeted with loud applause. She has since continued to perform with unabated success; and, in the musical department of the drama, is a great acquisition, and a well-established favourite. Some morose critics at first attempted to decry her talents, probably in behalf of a favourite; but they have been long since silenced.

Indeed, in the person and manner of Miss Matthews, there is something so very engaging, that if her lovely features, fine blue eyes, enlivened by an expression of mirth, easy demeanour, and sweet voice, should not excite admiration, they will inspire good-will; cause trifling defects to be overlooked; and cannot be beheld with indifference.

As an actress, Miss Matthews may be surpassed in characters of a serious cast, but in those of a light and lively turn, she has few equals; as a singer, she is generally admired; and in both singing and acting, she is much improved, and, with her wonted industry, it may be presumed she will advance to the first rank in her profession. ☞

THE TRYERS.

In the early part of the last century, a club of military men, who called themselves Tryers, used to assemble at the Tilt-yard Coffee-house; their object was to season young officers; that is to say, to force them to fight duels, or disgrace them, if they shrunk from the combat. Of one of these gentlemen, the late Zachariah Chambers, esq. used

to tell the following story:—A young officer came, one winter evening, into the Tilt-yard Coffee-house, for the purpose, as the phrase then was, of wetting his commission: the company smoked him; the wink was given; and a veteran Tryer, who had, from his success in that branch of his profession, obtained the appellation of general, drew three chairs before the fire, upon one of which he placed his hat, another his gloves, and the third his cane. The young gentleman, observing this was done to impede his approach, gave the company an indignant glance, frowned defiance at the Tryer, and then, with great deliberation, but to the astonishment of the whole room, collected hat, cane, and gloves, and threw them on the back of the fire. The general, as he was termed, flew to rescue his teguments, &c. from the flames; but the youth, drawing his sword, said, "Sir, you meant to try me; I now intend to try you; therefore, if you advance a step, you are a dead man." The hero was, like Captain Bobadil, planet-struck; the company enjoyed the scene, and greeted the youth with the loudest acclamations; while, strange to say, this veteran Tryer shrunk from the attempt to rescue his property, which was soon consumed, and the owner hissed out of the coffee-room.

THE POWER OF MUSIC.

M. Bonnet, in his History of Music, gives an extraordinary story.—An officer, being shut up in the Bastile, had permission to take his lute with him, on which he was an excellent performer; but he had scarcely made use of it three or four days, when the mice issuing from their holes, and the spiders suspending themselves from the ceiling by their threads, assembled round him to enjoy the melody. His aversion to these creatures, at first, made their visit disagreeable, and induced him to lay aside his lute; but he soon became so used to them, that at last they also became a source of amusement to him in his confinement.

MOTHERLESS MARY;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 253.)

CHAP. III.

OUR young heroine, notwithstanding the envy she had excited in a few narrow minds, continued to enjoy the favour and protection of Mrs. Bouverie, who seemed indeed to attach herself more warmly to the ever-attentive Mary, as the time drew near which would probably separate her from her daughter. Horatio Bouverie, the destined husband of Charlotte, was just returned from his travels, and was now hourly expected to pay his first visit; and Charlotte already took upon herself the importance of a bride. The taste and industry of Mary were accordingly put in requisition, to improve the state of her wardrobe; and she spent hours every day in consulting her mirror to determine what style of dress was most becoming, and in practising the most winning graces. "We shall do so, or so," was continually in her mouth; and Mary suffered almost as much persecution from her vain caprices, as she did before from the ebullitions of her ill humour. Her only relaxation was a solitary ramble, which she generally contrived to indulge in at an hour which Charlotte was wasting in bed; for she had always a ready pretence of indisposition to excuse her habitual indolence. One morning, Mary, invigorated by the refreshing breeze, had proceeded to a greater distance than usual, without consulting her watch, until warned by the height of the sun, that it was time to return; fearing she would be wanted at home, and ever averse to appearing negligent of her duty, she quitted the fields, and crossed into the high

road, as the nearest way to the house, just as two gentlemen on horseback were passing at a brisk pace the style she must necessarily get over; one of them observing her, directed the attention of his companion that way. The modest embarrassment with which Mary evaded their notice, and her neat, but not inelegant attire, attracted them so much, that they continued looking back from time to time, until one of them, not perceiving the stump of a tree, recently felled, which lay across the road, suffered his horse to fall over it, and struck his head with so much violence as to deprive him instantaneouly of sense and motion; Mary involuntarily uttered a cry of terror, and, obeying the impulse of the moment, hastened forward, just as the other gentleman dismounted to assist his friend. Mary, who always carried a bottle of essence in her pocket for the use of Miss Bouverie, now offered it with an earnestness that evinced an anxious desire to be serviceable; and without harbouring an idea of impropriety, begged to support the head of the sufferer in her lap, while his companion hastened to procure better assistance. "I fear," said she, "you will not find a house nearer than Mrs. Bouverie's, which is about a mile distant; but you can reach it much quicker than I could; and I will take all possible care of the gentleman till you return." "You are very good," said the person she addressed, regarding her attentively, and half-smiling at the assiduity she displayed in placing his friend in the most easy posture; "but I am distressed at the idea of imposing such a task on you; the trouble——" "Oh! pray, waste no time in apologies," cried Mary, interrupting him, "I dare say I shall be able to support him, if you make haste." The gentleman, finding she was not in any degree apprehensive for herself, remounted his horse, and gallopped forward. He had not been out of sight many minutes, ere Mary found herself relieved from the most troublesome part of the office she had so humanely undertaken, by the returning animation of him she supported; he appeared both surprised and gratified by the kind atten-

tion of a female so young and interesting; and declared his hurt was a just punishment for his rudeness. "But where is my friend?" he asked, looking round in surprise at his absence. "The gentleman is gone to procure assistance from Mrs. Bouverie's," replied Mary. "I am inexpressibly sorry to occasion all this alarm and trouble," said he; "I think I can walk forward without any further help;" he accordingly rose, but was so giddy as to be unable to proceed without availing himself of Mary's offered arm, which she tendered in such an easy and unaffected manner, as could not fail to excite his admiration and gratitude. "I am glad to see you so far recovered," said Mary, "and hope you will feel no further ill effects from your accident." "I fear I shall," said he, regarding her earnestly; "it may be a more serious accident than you apprehend." "I hope not indeed," said Mary, ignorant of his meaning; "you had better sit down again." He smiled. "No, no, I will not impose too much on your goodness; but pray indulge me so far as to let me know who it is I am under such an obligation to." "The offices of humanity, sir, are debts we owe to all; you are under no obligation to me." "But before we part, pray favour me with your name and residence." "I reside with Mrs. Bouverie, sir; my name is Mary." "Then we are not to part so soon as I feared," he exclaimed, eagerly; "for we were going on a visit to Mrs. Bouverie, when I met with this unlucky, perhaps lucky accident." "Are you Mr. Bouverie then?" Mary enquired with the utmost simplicity. "No; I am Horatio's most intimate friend; and he pressed me to accompany him; our servant was taken ill on the road, and we were obliged to leave him; my name is Morley." They were by this time met by Mr. Bouverie, with a servant, who brought Mrs. Bouverie's garden chair; Captain Morley, however, declined the use of it, protesting he was well enough to walk on; the servant accordingly led the horses; and Bouverie, releasing his friend's arm from that of Mary, placed himself between them, and they proceeded to the house together. Upon

their entrance, Mary observed that Miss Bouverie regarded her with a look of suppressed hauteur, and wondered what she could have done to give offence, until Bouverie, after apologizing for the confusion they had created, and introducing his friend, entered into an animated eulogium on the kindness and humanity of Mary. "I have frequently seen so much squeamishness and affectation in young ladies," said he, smiling, "that I cannot conceal my admiration at the self-command, and persevering goodness of your young friend here." As this remark was addressed to Charlotte, she replied in a tone of pique, which she could not suppress, "Young ladies are necessarily more circumspect in their conduct than domestics have any occasion to be, and gentlemen may perhaps consider that line of conduct squeamishness which is, in fact, merely the result of native delicacy." "Upon my honour, Miss Bouverie," cried Captain Morley, "the most exalted female could never display more true delicacy, more genuine feeling, than this young lady, to whom, I presume, you could not possibly allude, when you spoke of *domestics*." Mary, oppressed by compliments which abashed, and discussions which pained her, abruptly withdrew; and Mrs. Bouverie, alarmed lest Charlotte should make a further display of the infirmity of her temper, hastily observed, that Mary, though in fact a dependant in the family, was not considered absolutely in the light of a domestic. "My daughter's remark," said she, "was a general, not a personal allusion." Bouverie remained silent, but his observations were not to the advantage of Charlotte, who rallied her smiles and good humour without the desired effect of captivating him for whom they were exerted. At dinner, both the gentlemen treated Mary with the politeness and deference her conduct had merited from them; and the more Charlotte endeavoured to throw her in the back ground, the more they found opportunity to admire the meekness of her temper, and her unassuming character. As Horatio expressed his intention of making a long stay at his aunt's, Captain Morley was invited to remain also, an invitation

which he accepted with evident pleasure; and Mary, after a short time, getting accustomed to his effusions of gallantry, felt less embarrassed when she joined the family party. Morley was indeed both handsome and insinuating, but there was a degree of levity in his manner, which made him little likely to interest a heart like Mary's; while the dignified respect, and guarded propriety which Bouverie displayed whenever he addressed her, so distinct from pride, yet devoid of familiarity, convinced her of his good sense, and the certainty of possessing his favourable opinion.

The impression Bouverie made on the heart of Charlotte was as favourable as he could have wished, had he been a more sanguine lover than he was in reality; not but that the personal attractions and gay manners of Captain Morley were more to her taste than she chose to declare; but she soon found out, that he was only a younger son, and had nothing but his pay to subsist on, she therefore coquetted with him occasionally, merely to rouse the vigilance of her lover, as she rather prematurely considered Horatio. Unluckily, however, for her, Bouverie was too penetrating not to see through this little artifice of a weak mind, and his distaste to his destined bride increased in proportion as she wished to increase his admiration; while on her side, she was clear-sighted enough to perceive, that Mary possessed greater influence over him than herself. When Mary spoke, he listened with evident interest; when Mary appeared in spirits, he was cheerful also; and when Mary was depressed, he was invariably silent and reserved towards Miss Bouverie, obviously attributing to her the cause of such depression. Even the simple unscientific songs of Mary seemed to give him more pleasure than Charlotte's best executed pieces; and he frequently preferred sitting at home to read aloud to them, because he saw it gratified Mary, even when Charlotte intimated a wish to ride or walk. Mrs. Bouverie perceived all this, and perceived it with alarm, while her daughter, confident that she had little chance of carrying her point while such a formidable rival was within view, set her fertile invention to work to remove her from

her mother's protection; in this scheme she soon found a willing and able assistant; but as the means she employed must be progressively unfolded, we shall proceed with our narrative, until subsequent events bring forward the desired elucidation.

(To be continued.)

THE PREACHER AND HIS ORAN-OUTANG.

BUFFON relates a very ludicrous anecdote of an oran-outang, which had been brought up by Pere Carbasson, and became so fond of him, that, wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him. Whenever he had occasion to perform the service of the church, he was always under the necessity of confining it in a room; once however the animal contrived to make its escape, and follow the father to church; where silently mounting on the sounding-board above the pulpit, it lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. The animal then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation was unavoidably obliged to laugh. The good father, surprised at this ill-timed levity, severely reproved the audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect; the congregation still laughed; and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions. These latter, the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer contain themselves, but burst into a loud and continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length stepped up to him, and pointed out the cause of this improper behaviour; and such was the arch demeanour of the animal, that it was with the utmost difficulty the priest could command the muscles of his own countenance, and keep himself apparently serious, while he ordered the servants of the church to take the ape away.

THE MONITRESS.

ON THE MARRIAGE STATE.

THE ceremony of marriage is of so binding a nature, that it in some degree resembles the inspired writer's description of "that bourne from whence no traveller returns;" for when once the holy rites are celebrated, the happiness, the misery, and the interest, of two persons, can no longer remain individual. The profligate may become sober-minded, and the vicious take pleasure in virtuous pursuits; but the man who has once plighted his faith at the altar, may be said to have embraced an irrevocable doom. With how much caution then ought each party to enter into that station! what strict enquiries ought to be made into the temper and disposition! for on these, in a great measure, I am of opinion, depend the felicity, or infelicity of the station. Matrimonial happiness, that coy daughter of heaven, so seldom found in the bosom of families, is a sweet and delicate flower, and if nurtured with care and tenderness, will expand its beautiful blossoms throughout every season of the year, and diffuse its odoriferous fragrance in the autumn of existence, and reanimate nature in the decline of years. Yet this tender plant, if nipped by the chilling hand of indifference, or shaken by the rough blasts of passion, will droop its head like the blighted lily, even before it has arrived at the fullness of its growth.

Those who have been destined to quench their thirst at the fountain of connubial felicity, will readily allow, that the flavour becomes more delicious as it draweth nearer to the dregs; and though the sparkling effervescence may have subsided, yet time enables it to acquire a finer relish.

To those who are endowed by nature with a refinement of

feeling, marriage inevitably becomes a state of felicity, or wretchedness. By the term felicity, I would not have my youthful readers imagine I mean to infer, that it is a state without trials or difficulties; yet where two persons are united by the bonds of esteem and affection, their difficulties decrease in proportion to the strength of their attachment.

The great parent of the universe, having designated a superiority of power to man, as lord of the creation, it cannot be deemed inapplicable to the subject I have chosen, to enquire how far that power, or authority, ought to extend; and when the omnipotent declared, "Man should leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife*," whether it is to be inferred from thence, that he should become her despotic ruler and domestic tyrant. In that most inviolable of human rites, which binds the parties to each other, the husband most solemnly engages to take the object of his affection for better or for worse; and in sickness, or in health, to love and cherish her, until the hand of death separates them for ever. Though human sagacity could not invent a more binding form of engagement, yet how transient, in many instances, seems the effect it makes upon the heart; and how soon does it appear as if hatred, or indifference, had supplied the place of tenderness and affection!

A revolution of sentiment so unprepared for, and of change so truly deplorable, must strike upon a heart of sensibility like a death-blow, (if I may so term it) to terrestrial happiness; yet instead of sinking under a trial which demands a mixture of fortitude and resignation, I must, if I mean to support the character of a Monitress, implore my youthful readers closely to investigate what passes within their bosoms; and counteract any baleful influence before it is too late. The propensity to novel-reading, which has prevailed within the last thirty years, I am of opinion, has proved much more destructive to conjugal happiness, than that fondness for pleasure and dissipation which equally pervade the sexes.

The romantic wife's expectations are formed upon the hero

* Genesis II. verse 24.

of a novel; and she vainly hopes to find the husband and the lover equally attentive; and from this erroneous opinion, she fancies herself reduced to a state of wretchedness; instead of offering her husband those little domestic civilities which most men expect to receive from the woman they have selected, a female of this description of character fancies the performance of them would be degrading; whilst the husband, who doubtless is on a footing of intimacy with some family, observes the wife of his friend at once tender and attentive. Hence arise comparisons between his own and his friend's situation, which are either resented by sullen silence, or impassioned reproaches; and as neither party feel inclined to acknowledge themselves in error, perpetual discord becomes the consequence.

That unbounded sway, which even boyhood is allowed to give to the passions, ought to convince females, it is both to their interest and happiness, in a certain degree, to practice the lesson of submission; and, in circumstances of no material consequence, to be guided by the wishes of their husbands.

There are some men, I allow, such complete tyrants by nature, that the most abject submission cannot ensure domestic peace; yet these characters, I trust, are by no means general; for few are so unamiable, as not to be softened by the attentions of a female solicitous to please.

I am, and have long been of opinion, that where domestic bickerings, in any eminent degree, prevail, the old adage is completely verified, and that there are faults on both sides. The recently married then, I would advise not to expect the assiduities of the lover to influence the actions of the husband; or to suppose, that amidst all the cares and difficulties attached to a life of business, a man's temper can always be equal. A variety of things may occur so completely to fret and harrass a husband's feelings, that even the tender assiduities of an affectionate wife may, at the moment, seem to irritate; yet this irritation proceeds not from any diminution of attachment, nay, in all probability, the very reverse; for those fears and apprehensions which are excited in the

mind of an affectionate husband by the failure of any scheme, which had appeared likely to prove advantageous to the object of his affection, imperceptibly sours the temper, without lessening the regard.

Many allowances, doubtless, ought to be made for circumstances of this nature, to which the most affluent are liable; and gentleness, I am persuaded, will always be the most likely means of ensuring a husband's esteem and affection.

COMMAND OF TEMPER.

Marshal Turenne went frequently on foot to church, and then took a turn alone upon the rampart of Paris, without his servants, or any exterior mark to distinguish him. One day, in his walk, he passed near a crowd of tradesmen, who were playing at bowls, and who, not knowing him, called upon him to judge of a cast. He took his cane, and having measured the distances, gave his opinion. The man whom he had determined against, abused him; the marshal smiled; and as he was going to measure the ground a second time, several officers who had been seeking him, came up, and accosted him. The tradesman was confounded, and very humbly begged pardon. The marshal answered him, "Friend, you were in the wrong to imagine that I would cheat you." He went sometimes, though seldom, to the public shows. He was one day alone in a box in the play-house, when there came in some country gentlemen, who, not knowing him, would oblige him to give them his seat in the first row; upon his refusing, they had the insolence to throw his hat and gloves upon the stage. Without being moved, he desired a young lord of the first quality to gather them up for him; those who had insulted him, finding who he was, blushed, and would have retired; but he stopped them, and, with a great deal of good humour, told them, "That if they would contrive, and sit close, there was room enough for them all."

CAMBODIAN HALL;

OR,

LAW AND LICENTIOUSNESS.

(Continued from page 261.)

THAT integrity of principle which marked the character of Mr. Pemberton, pointed out the necessity of making Mr. Arcot acquainted with the deception which had been practised upon him; yet before he adopted this painful measure, he resolved to consult Colonel Stanhope upon the subject, who was actually horror-struck at the idea of having been the cause of sending a wretch out of the world so overwhelmed with the weight of sin.

"My dear Colonel," said Mr. Hawthorn, who was present during this confidential recital, "you ought rather to congratulate yourself upon having put a check to such a monster's iniquities; and as to dying of the wound, though I had my reasons for not openly opposing my brother doctor's opinion, I can assure you, he will do no such thing; unless symptoms arise which neither of us possess the power of foreseeing."

Both the colonel and the doctor agreed with the worthy pastor in opinion, respecting the propriety of making Mr. Arcot acquainted with the important secret; and Mr. Hawthorn advised deferring it, until the excursion through Wales terminated. With that zeal in a good cause which marks the conduct of the highly principled, Mr. Pemberton objected to the slightest delay in the business, declaring, that as the nabob's health was in a delicate state, he might be induced to make a will to the detriment of his children; and as the subject was of too much importance to submit

to paper, avowing his readiness to undertake a journey for the express purpose of disclosing it.

Furnished with a written proof of the depravity of Mrs. Wilkins, whose husband was a serjeant in the sixtieth regiment, the worthy Mr. Pemberton set out on what many might have termed a Quixotte-like errand. From the supposititious Mrs. Arcot's last letter to Miss Stanhope, he flattered himself he should not be obliged to travel far over the Welch mountains, as, in reply to the epistle which announced that young lady's intention of quitting her situation, she informed her, they had met with such pleasant society in Swansea, they intended remaining there some time.

Scarcely had the worthy rector commenced his friendly tour, when the whelming sensations which had affected the mind of Jackal, gradually subsided; and Colonel Stanhope could not avoid conjecturing they had been excited by some powerful medicine. This opinion he candidly gave to his friend Hawthorn. "Not very powerful, I assure you," said that gentleman, smiling; "but, between ourselves, I kept him under the influence of small doses of opium, a medicine which, in a former illness, brought on a fit of horrors; and which I, this time, administered, under the belief he would fancy himself dying, and, from that apprehension, make a useful confession. Davies may be a very good apothecary, but of surgery he is totally ignorant, or he would not have declared a wound unconnected with the vital principle, likely to terminate the patient's existence. His pulse, I allow, was bad, but knowing the cause of it, I had no doubt of his recovery from the first moment; and if you wish to get rid of such a contemptible inmate, I will be answerable for the consequences."

This intelligence was truly gratifying to Colonel Stanhope, yet, from delicacy of feeling, he wished the proposal of removing to come from the patient, who, in the course of a few days, was able to sit upright in his bed. As the prospect of death receded, the agitation of Jackal's feelings augmented, and he execrated the folly he had been guilty of in exposing his vices to the rector of the parish. To remain

in a spot where his infamy would become public, was impossible; and though totally ignorant of the plan Mr. Pemberton was adopting, yet he firmly resolved to quit the situation, before the lord of Cambodian Hall made his appearance. For this purpose, he drew up an advertisement, announcing the sale of his house and business, under the pretence of going to a milder climate for the recovery of his health. Having dispatched a letter to an agent in London, he expressed a desire of being conveyed to his own residence; no objection, of course, was raised to this proposal by the colonel, who had never seen him from the night of the accident. The advertisement was immediately inserted in the London papers, and several applications made in consequence; with one of which he closed; and, in less than a fortnight, the abandoned Jackal quitted the neighbourhood for ever, leaving his successor in possession of all the writings which were connected with Mr. Arcot's concerns.

During this fortnight, Mr. Pemberton's family suffered a mixture of suspense and apprehension; for though he had promised to write at the end of the second day's journey, not the slightest intelligence had arrived of him; and so fearful was Colonel Stanhope, that some of Jackal's iniquitous agents had way-laid him, that he resolved to set off in pursuit of him on the following morn. A letter, however, fortunately arrived which rendered the adoption of this resolution unnecessary, and accounted for the worthy pastor's silence, by informing his anxious family, that, upon his entrance into Hereford, his carriage was overturned, his face mangled by the breaking of one of the glasses, and the thumb of his right-hand broken. With tenderness to the apprehensions of those who were dear to him, Mr. Pemberton treated the accident as a just punishment to a man who, at the age of fifty, ought to have subdued all Quixotte-like feelings; and requested to find a letter addressed to him at the post-office, Swansea, assuring them, he was that moment going to pursue his travels.

In the course of a week, a second epistle was delivered with the post-mark of Swansea; and, as it relates to cir-

cumstances exactly as they happened, I shall transcribe it for the gratification of my reader's curiosity.

To Miss Pemberton.

"The solicitude which I know my beloved Eliza will feel to obtain intelligence of her father, induces that father to conquer the sensations of fatigue, and at the same time to gratify a passion which snarling cynics, in a peculiar manner, attribute to a young lady.

"Though I was aware, my dear Eliza, that I was undertaking an unpleasant office, yet I had not the remotest idea of the depravity of one of the parties with whom I had to deal; neither could I have conceived it possible, that female passion could have been carried to such a height; but take the circumstances in the order which they happened, my child.

"As I was in pursuit of a man of wealth, I naturally expected to find him at the first inn, or rather hotel, in this place, and thither, consequently, I directed my postillion to drive. The sight of Mr. Arcot's equipage convinced me, in this conjecture, I was right; and whilst alighting from my own vehicle, the supposititious mistress of Cambodian Hall espied me. An expression of delight burst from the lips of the lady as she audibly pronounced my name; but, as if recollecting some new part was to be acted, she exclaimed, 'I fear, my dear sir, you are the messenger of grief; tell me, oh! tell me, I conjure you, if any thing has happened to those beloved children, who are dearer to me than life!'

"This speech was uttered with what might justly be termed stage-effect gesticulations; poor Arcot, however, seemed deprived of the power of enquiry; and, in pity to his feelings, I instantly informed him that health resided in every part of his family. Restored to composure by this assurance, he expressed sincere pleasure at seeing me; 'But, my good sir,' he added, placing his hand upon my shoulder, 'I fear you are labouring under some mental anxiety.'

"As I always speak the truth, I unhesitatingly acknowledged my mind was labouring under vexation and perplexity; 'And to that which I consider a most painful duty,

Mr. Arcot,' I added, 'are you to attribute the seeing of me.' This declaration, of course, roused the poor man's astonishment; and he said, he should feel a gratification in rendering any service to me. I interrupted him by saying, it was his affairs, not my own, which had induced me to follow him to Swansea.

"The lady exclaimed, 'For heaven's sake, be more explicit, sir! I can neither support suspence nor anxiety.' 'If Mr. Arcot will do me the honour of walking into another apartment, madam, I will repeat the unpleasant circumstances which have occurred since he went away.' So saying, I opened the door of the room in which they were sitting, and led the way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EPITAPH ON POPE'S NURSE.

THERE is an inscription to the memory of the old woman who nursed Alexander Pope, Esq. the poet, in Twickenham church-yard, of which the following is a copy—

To the Memory
OF
MARY BEACH,
Who died, Nov. 5th, 1725, aged 78.
Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in his Infancy, and whom she affectionately attended for
TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS,
In Gratitude for such a faithful old Servant,
Erected this Stone.

It was to this epitaph which Lady Wortley Montague alludes (when she quarrelled with Pope), in the following sarcastic lines—

"No wonder our poet's so stout and so strong,
"Since he lugg'd and he tugg'd at the bubby so long."

TRANSLATION

FROM ARNAULT'S CELEBRATED TRAGEDY OF

GERMANICUS.

A VALUED Correspondent having obliged us with a free and spirited translation of one of the principal scenes in the above tragedy, expressly for this publication, we are happy in having an opportunity of presenting our readers with a fragment of a composition which has excited so much curiosity, and may be quoted as an instance, that the rival nation is not surpassed in dramatic excellence.

The piece commences with a relation of the misunderstanding between Germanicus, the adoptive son of Tiberius, and governor-general of the Roman provinces in the east, and Piso, the sub-governor of Syria. Piso, jealous of the power and authority of Germanicus, had infringed the bounds assigned him, reversed the established decrees, and changed the orders of the governor-general, in his absence, for relieving the wants of the people, and dispensing with oppressive laws, for no other purpose than that of opposing his measures. The prince, on his return, finding his friends banished, his laws abrogated, and the city calling on him for justice, summons Piso to answer for his conduct; when he (Germanicus) is suddenly taken ill. While his life is despaired of, the army, the people, and numerous conquered nations, from the Tiber to the Indus, resound with the accents of grief and despair, "like a family in tears that trembles for a father!" He recovers; incense is offered to the Gods; and Piso, in his rage, overturns the altars, and outrages his prince and the people, and reaches Seleucia. It being, however, supposed that Piso is influenced by a superior power, the soldiers fear, lest in serving Germanicus, they should violate their duty to Cesar, and the discipline of the army is undermined. Piso, spurred on by

the artifices of Sejanus, the minister and favourite of Tiberius, seduces the army, and stirs them up to revolt against their leader. At this part of the drama, Germanicus having heard of his soldiers' insubordination, has just expressed his determination to restore them to discipline or perish in the attempt; and the following affecting dialogue is introduced.

ACT II.—SCENE *6th and 7th.*

AGRIPPINA, GERMANICUS.

Agrip. What hast thou said!
Germ. My words amaze thee then?
Agrip. The matchless virtue breathing in thy words
Compels my soul to wonder and admire;
Still, when I think of all that threatens thee,
I can but weep, and shudder for thy safety.
Germ. Forbear the thought—if o'er these rebel-ranks
I needs must act a stern and bloody part,
'Tis less thy terror than thy husband's grief.
Agrip. Thou canst not then avert the growing storm
That gathers round us, nor impede its course?
Germ. When once a frantic soldiery revolt,
And spurn the wise restraints of discipline,
When once audaciously their rebel-swords
Are bar'd against their country, and their chiefs
Are chief no more among them, 'tis alone
The after-weariness of glutted rage
That cures the desperate folly. But *till then,*
Ere yet the humbled miscreant returns
Beneath the yoke of duty, ere remorse
Points the foul error to his conscious heart,
What frightful havoc does his fury work!
And lo! 'tis here—the very shouts that ring
Their noisy clamour even at our doors,
The naked steel that glitters in the air
Unsanction'd by my word, all, all proclaims
The whelming torrent bursting on our heads;
All, all renews to me those scenes of blood,
When by the rapid waters of the Rhine,

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The whelming torrent bursting on our heads;
All, all renews to me those scenes of blood,
When by the rapid waters of the Rhine,

Like this, my factious soldiers once before
Rush'd on their own confusion, and incurr'd
The rigid justice that the field demands.

Agrip. Alas! those horrid days were days of woe,
And all was terror, tumult, and revenge.
Stung with repentance at his guilty deeds,
The rebel dragg'd the rebel to the block,
And, not to seem his partner in the crime,
Became his savage executioner!

Germ. Then add not to the sorrows that afflict
My tortur'd bosom in this dreadful hour,
That worst of pangs, the fearing, love! for thee.
Well mayst thou think the need I have to day
Of all my constancy; and if, in truth,
Thou'dst have me firm and valiant like myself,
Oh! let me first believe that thou art safe,
Thou and my helpless children; therefore fly
Far, far from hence, and, banish'd by my love,
A refuge seek beyond the Roman world.

Agrip. Forsake thee then!—alas! if not thy camp
Can yield a shelter to thy wife and babes,
Say whither shall we fly! ambitious Rome
Has fill d the earth with outrage; and indeed
Full well thou know'st th' oppressed universe
Divided stands betwixt a conquering race,
A single people enemies of all,
And conquer'd millions enemies of them.
Have we not therefore equal cause to fear
The enemies of Rome, and Rome herself?

Germ. 'Tis none but Rome that is our enemy;
But far from her a refuge shall be thine.
Armenia's monarch at my only beck
Prepares to succour thee—

Agrip. And wilt thou trust
The faith of fierce barbarians, when, behold,
Thy very countrymen are traitors to thee!

Germ. Barbarians have at least this virtue in them—
Not to forget a kindness. 'Tis to me
The son of Polemon his sceptre owes,
And we may reckon on his gratitude.

Agrip. Have kings or people aught of gratitude?
Oh! let us rather on ourselves rely,
And nothing hope from them.
Germ. Nay, this were wrong;
And we abus'd the age in which we live
To doubt and censure thus the hearts of all—
But go, nor press me further.
Agrip. What—thy wife!
Germ. I pray thee do—it is my wish.
Agrip. I cannot!
Germ. Must I command thee then?
Agrip. My lord, my husband!
When have I shewn such cold indifference
That thou canst think obedience to thy word
So easy with me now!
Germ. 'Tis of thy love
I ask it.
Agrip. Of my love!—By that dear love,
So long our mutual bliss, extort not thus
A stern and dreadful duty from *my* heart
Beyond thy own!—dost thou forbid my rights?
'Twas marriage gave them me, and have they less
Of sanctity than thine? thou didst not think,
Thou didst not say so in thy better fortune.
To them I ow'd my seat within thy car
When triumph hail'd thee conqueror; to them
I ow'd my share in all the benefits
Augustus shower'd upon thee; and to them
Thou owest now the sharing of thy woe,
Even as of thy joy. Believe me, sir,
I will not be denied. Thy gallant soul
Is shook with grief; and if for me *thou* tremblest,
For thee I tremble too—in mercy then,
Of all the evils that beset me round,
Give me at least the privilege of choice.
If I must die, to perish where I stand,
So I may perish in thy dear embrace,
Were better sure than, banish'd from thy arms,
To pine in wretchedness those hours away
Thou dost but shorten, seeking to prolong.
I'll quit thee not—whate'er thy present ills,

Whate'er thy future fate—throughout the world,
In exile or in death, I'll quit thee not!
Amid those ranks, where now thy spirit burns
Impatient to confront rebellion's wrath,
I'll follow thee, my husband. There, perhaps,
E'en while we commune thus, Plancina works
Mischief and treason—horrible employ!
Mine shall be that of honour; and I'll prove
In virtue valiant more, than she in vice—
Come, if thou yet believ'st me—on, I say.

Germ. Of this enough.—From whence the frantic fire
That thus transports thy reason? ah! beware
Plancina's folly show not in thyself,
And shun the extreme of virtue as a fault.
Let that misguided beldam, in her rage
Forgetting the timidity that suits
With woman's weakness as with woman's beauty,
Destroy the graces of her sex, and rush
To blaze her open frenzy to the camp:
But thou—who lookest on her with contempt—
To think of fashioning thy duties by her!
I marvel at thee—not that I would blame
Intrepid firmness in a woman's heart,
But let it then be courage, not delirium,
And courage temper'd with much modesty.
This valour, which becomes a soul like thine,
And well befits thee as a wife and mother,
If thou wouldst fain assume, obey me now
When I forbid thee to regard me more
Than thy dear self, and my unhappy children,
The precious pledges of our mutual love,
The hopes of Rome, the army, and the world;
And whom not less thy pride than thy affection
Should prompt thee to expose no longer here,
Where countless dangers threaten to invade.
Be what thou art—a mother! The distress,
The agony thou feel'st in following them
To exile, where alone ye can be safe,
Say, are they greater, more acute than mine,
When thus I snatch me from thy arms and their's!

SCENE 7th.

AGRIPPINA, GERMANICUS, VERANIUS; *Women belonging to the retinue of Agrippina; Friends of Germanicus.*

Ver. My prince! the faction that a moment paus'd
At utterance of thy name, rekindles worse;
The raving soldiers in their blind revolt
With ceaseless shouts demand their Piso back,
Who comes himself to brave thee, even here.

Germ. (*addressing his friends and the attendants of Agrippina, as he gives her into their charge.*)
Friends! in this awful peril, to your care
I trust my wife;—she must be taken hence.

Agrip. I—I, my lord!

Germ. One last embracing kiss—
And now, farewell.

Agrip. And must I leave thee then!

Germ. It must be so!—Come, let us on, Veranius.

(*Exeunt.*)

OSCAR.

In the succeeding scenes, the tumult is described as increasing; the factious soldiers, at the moment they are advancing to the walls of Antioch, are courageously met by Agrippina, attended by her women and children, going into exile, and at this sight are struck with remorse. Marcus, the son of Piso, who is averse to his father's conduct, and had been unceasing in his efforts to reduce the army, addresses them, brings them back to a sense of their duty, intercedes for them and his father, and obtains their pardon. Piso still conspires against Germanicus; and, at an interview which takes place between them, secretly meditates the assassination of Germanicus; but his intentions are discovered, and the deed prevented, by Marcus. Germanicus, who has so generously pardoned Piso to requite the fidelity of his son, appoints a solemn banquet to celebrate their reconciliation; at which Piso, worked on by the ambition of Plancina, his wife (a character similar to Lady Macbeth),

and the stratagems of Sejanus, treacherously poisons Germanicus, who falls the victim of his generosity. Sejanus appears, invested with power, and arrests Piso to answer for the crime, which concludes the play. The scene is at Antioch.

From this plot, the author has made an interesting tragedy; whether written with any direct political view is not easy to determine; though it is extremely probable; since it is certain, that the audience, on its first representation, conceived it to allude to recent political events; and it was in consequence suppressed by the police. ☞

THE INS AND THE OUTS; OR, TRANSFERRED POWER EXEMPLIFIED.

SANTEUIL, the French poet, returning one night to the abbey of St. Victor, at eleven o'clock, was refused admittance by the porter, who said he had positive orders to let in no person at so late an hour. After much altercation, Santeuil slipt half a Louis-d'or under the door, which was immediately opened. As soon as he had got in, he pretended he had left a book upon a stone upon which he had been sitting while he waited without. The porter, encouraged by the generosity of the poet, ran to get the book, and in the meanwhile Santeuil shut the door upon him. Master Peter, who was half-naked, knocked in turn, upon which Santeuil started the same objections as he had done against admitting any one at that time of night, and that he would on no account disobey the prior. "Aye, but master," said the porter, "you know I let you in very civilly." "And so will I you as civilly," replied the poet, "if you yourself please—you know the price—*in* or *out* is the word, and I will dally no longer." The poor porter, finding he was likely to sleep in the street, half-naked, and also run the risk of losing his place, slipt the piece of gold under the door again, saying, "I thought a poet's money would not stay with me long;" and this purchased his admittance.

THE BATTUECAS;

A ROMANCE,

FOUNDED ON A MOST INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACT.

TRANSLATION,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME LA COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

(Continued from page 275.)

"The Battuécas lived in this manner for several ages, in the midst of Spain, strangers to their country, separated from the rest of the universe, whose existence to them was even problematical; for they gradually forgot their native language, customs that they could no longer follow, laws that were useless to them, a worship without churches and pontiffs, and even their first origin. Yet some happy traditions preserved among them the idea of a Supreme Being, and sentiments and customs that real savages cannot have. They retained nothing but the urbanity of a civilized people; they lost their refinements, arts, and vices. In two or three centuries, an earthquake suddenly changed the course of the torrent which had shut up their refuge; an entrance to the valley, although still very difficult of access, was now opened. This great event made not the least impression upon the Battuécas; contented in their station, they were not solicitous of change.

"The recollection and comparison of the sordid and cheerless hut of poverty with the splendid and convenient mansion of wealth, inflame the imagination, and engender wild and impetuous desires. The Battuécus had no ambition, because they were ignorant of its meaning; their limited possessions were more than sufficient for their wants; they imagined not that it was possible to have more dainty

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dishes than their herbs and fruits; a more delicious beverage than fresh and pure spring-water; or more pleasant habitations than their cottages. They lived in the greatest harmony; among them, nothing could excite either envy or emulation; superior powers, whether of mind or body, were there of no avail, because they valued nothing but equality, peace, and repose; and crowns were never bestowed on those who were distinguished for their enterprise, bravery, or ingenuity. They were not entirely ignorant, that, beyond their empire, other creatures existed; they had imperfectly seen them with terror from the tops of their rocks; but fear and indolence kept them for ever fixed in their tranquil inclosure.

"The Duke of Albe, however, after having discovered this solitary and singular people, took upon himself the care of having them instructed. Missionaries were entrusted to convey the beneficent light of the gospel among the Battuécas. The inhabitants of the diocese of Coria were terrified, when informed of their mission; and predicted that they would be the victims of their zeal; and that, if they could penetrate into the valley (which no one credited) they would meet with no other beings but spirits and enchanters. To these terrors, the monks in vain opposed the testimony of the Duke of Albe; the answer was, that the duke had been deceived; and had taken another valley for the Battuécas.

"The good monks entered this obscure and famous valley with dread and apprehension; but these fears were soon dissipated; they admired the manners and innocence of this happy colony, which for ages had adhered so strictly to the law of nature, that it seemed as if heaven had only thus separated them from the rest of the world the better to dispose them to receive and partake the sublime truths of divine revelation. Indeed, the Battuécas joyfully embraced a religion which prescribed humanity, a love of peace, and temperance; they practised these virtues without effort; and religion, in giving them an object, confirmed and purified them; and united the perfection that divine love and Christian charity can alone ensure to morality.

"The missionaries, the fortunate apostles of this little nook of Spain, conceived that they saw the primitive ages of Christianity revive, freed from obstacles, and all persecution. The Battuécas regarded them as men sent from heaven; and as the most magnificent and most generous benefactors. They were never tired of admiring their genius and astonishing industry; for they had received from them household utensils, coarse linen, and implements of husbandry; but amongst their gifts, those which surprised and pleased them most was some fruit, unknown to them before, which grew at two leagues' distance from their valley. The missionaries were so much attached to their grateful and docile converts, that they expressed a desire to end their days amongst them. They dug a church in the rock, the first durable monument raised in *the valley of the Battuécas*. Thus piety, in sanctifying this asylum of peace, innocence, and simplicity, for ever established there the golden age. The monks afterwards made a convent by the side of the church, in which they shut themselves up. The church and the monastery now remain; an uninterrupted succession of pious monks have continued to occupy this convent from its foundation; these monks are still the only priests, legislators, and physicians, of the Battuécas. But the most extraordinary trait of the singular history of this people is, that since their discovery, made by the Duke of Albe, they have constantly remained in their valley, and that their curiosity has not had sufficient power to entice them to go out of it. It is true, that the monks have always done all that they could to keep them to this wise resolution*."

This account excited the curiosity of the marquis and his son, who resolved to visit the singular valley of the Battuécas; and departed without delay.

In approaching the valley of the Battuécas, they found it more difficult to penetrate than they had expected; but at length they succeeded, and were delighted with the

* See the Dictionnaire de Moreri, du Cange-Warel, and the estimable and authentic Journey in Spain, by M. Bourgoing.

scenery. They examined with astonishment the height of the groups of rocks, fantastically shaped, which on all sides inclose this beautiful valley so hermetically, that, in the hottest day, the heat of the sun is tempered by eternal shade; so that even its climate differs as much from the rest of Spain as the freshness of its verdure, its inhabitants, and manners. A limpid stream flows from one end to the other; its peaceful banks are covered with flowers and turf, flocks of sheep and goats, dispersed in the meadows, freely wander, day and night, in these beautiful pastures; they have no keepers, because they are not private property; they are the common stock of the whole. Cottages of leaf-trees, or natural grottos, are, with the exception of the church and the convent, the only habitations of this happy abode; where all is tranquil and silent; and fills the mind with thought and meditation*. The travellers were often arrested by an unaccountable charm; they contemplated with rapture every object they saw; their admiration was mingled with inexpressible delight; and the phantasms of a deceitful world were unveiled to them! This, said the marquis, is a fortress that nature has formed to defend innocence and happiness! Those envied metals, gold and silver, are here unknown, as well as every production of art; and there is no danger of its being besieged! Pure and sacred ground! which has never been sullied by the crimes of pride and avarice, whose inhabitants are ignorant of the very name of war!—Ah! here indeed liberty reigns; for ambition cannot here produce discord and anarchy!"

The travellers went to the monastery, whose cells are as if buried under steep rocks, which seem to threaten them, and under trees, which shade them. Father Isidore, the superior of the convent, presented them a frugal repast, which ended in a most interesting conversation. The venerable monk praised the good people whom he governed. Their indifference, said he, to what is doing beyond these bounds, is the safe-guard of their inoffensive manners. Since the

* Historical.

foundation of this monastery, all the monks who have successively inhabited it, have felt how important it was to preserve this happy indifference among the Battuécas. We, who renounce the world to bury ourselves with them in this solitude, have no trouble in persuading them, that they would not be so happy in any other part of the world as they are here. At times, some of them have ventured to leave the valley, and go two or three leagues in the environs; but their reception has been bad; because they have met with none but neighbouring herdsmen, who are obstinately bent on preserving absurd prepossessions against the Battuécas; and who, taking them for sorcerers, either fly at their appearance, or insult them, and sometimes even throw stones at them. These vexatious experiments have subdued their curiosity, and desire for travel. Nevertheless, a Battuécas, named Placid, for some years an orphan, a bolder and more enterprising young man than his compatriots, gave us great uneasiness two years ago. Full of genius, and possessed of an ardent imagination, and a most feeling heart, he evinced from his infancy, a passionate admiration of *the people of the other universe* (thus they designate here the Spaniards of the other cantons); "those ingenious people," said he, "the inventors of every art." Here nothing is known but that common industry, which has no other object than to provide for the wants of nature. All the science of the best informed of the Battuécas is reduced to knowing how to read and write a little. Our monks, the founders of this little colony, have been very cautious not to introduce refined inventions into this retreat. The divine worship, and the ornaments of the church, a stone crucifix, an image of the virgin, rudely carved, two or three bad pictures, and the chanting of the prayers, have, nevertheless, given the Battuécas some idea of sculpture, painting, music, and even of poetry; for psalms in the vulgar tongue are also sung in our church. These pieces of poetry struck Placid so forcibly, that, at the age of fifteen, he composed some himself; and these productions announced so much talent, that I could not refrain from

putting into his hands five or six volumes of sacred poetry, by our best authors. Then his enthusiasm for *the people of the other universe* had no bounds. He is now one of the best Spanish poets, and I caused to be printed at Madrid, unknown to him, a collection of his poems (without the name of the author), which were generally admired. At twenty-two years of age, this young poet, living in obscurity, had, without knowing it, in this manner, acquired a great reputation. His works were in every library; he was ignorant that they were printed; and even of his talent. And yet his inventive genius made him every day bring to perfection trades and arts of which we had here only the most simple elements. He guessed at things which had been invented ages before; but to him they were new. In this manner he became an excellent landscape-drawer, and afterwards, wishing to paint, he made colours with the juice of divers plants. He had never seen musical instruments, yet he invented the flute and the timbal. So much industry, talent, and activity, raised him above all his countrymen. He was the first celebrated Battuécas in the valley. The only sentiments they had felt, were gratitude to some pious old strangers, who, with the Gospel in their hands, brought them, in the name of heaven, the purest ideas of civilization; and envy of a young compatriot, who fixed on himself alone the universal attention. But if, by his talents, and the first glory acquired in this solitude, he attracted the hate of the men, he inspired far different feelings in the fair sex. Till then unions had only been formed by suitableness of situation and consanguinity; love scarcely appeared to be more than a simple preference; but it unexpectedly assumed the dangerous character of passion. There was suddenly engendered all that refines it; fame, vanity, and rivalry. Placid, the secretly desired object of so many, had the choice; he made a comparison of the shepherdesses who were contending for him, and selected the most amiable, who was also the most beautiful. This preference shed upon the young Inès a part of his celebrity; the *éclat* of Inès's fame excited the envy of her companions; and carried

to its height that with which Placid had inspired all the young men. This was the first strife that disturbed the general manners of the till then peaceable inhabitants of the valley. Yet our authority and exhortations had power to tranquillize their minds, and preserve peace.

(To be continued.)

THE LAST JUDGEMENT.

MICHAEL ANGELO, in his picture of the Last Judgement, painted, among other personages in hell, the figure of Cardinal Campegio, who had done him some ill offices abroad. The likeness was so strong, that every body knew who it was intended for at first sight; upon which the cardinal complained very bitterly to the pope, and desired his holiness to give orders for its being erased. The pope replied, "That it was out of his power to oblige him." "Why so!" said Campegio. "Because," answered his holiness, "we have power only to deliver out of purgatory; none out of hell."

CARICATURE DRAWING WELL APPLIED.

A NORMAN priest, named the abbé Malotru, remarkably ridiculous in his person and dress, was so greatly offended at the smile which he observed on the face of M. Lasson, one of his auditors, while he officiated at mass, that he instituted a civil process against him. Lasson, who had a good turn for caricature-drawing, drew a sketch of the priest dressed as he used to be, with half-a-dozen black caps on his head, nine waistcoats, and almost as many pair of breeches. When, therefore, the court called upon him for his defence, he suddenly produced his portrait of the abbé Malotru, which occasioned a general laughter; and the painter was acquitted.

ROBERT AND MATILDA;

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

.....Sometimes when all seems peace
Wakes the grim whirlwind. *Porteus.*

THE day was past; and the stars which bespangled the western hemisphere broke faintly through the lingering twilight of a summer's evening, when the young and accomplished Robert de Blois directed his steps towards the castle of the Baron de Lacy, the father of his Matilda. Robert had long been absent from his country, his friends, and his home; employed in the service of his king, he had received some wounds; but their pain was effectually assuaged by the honourable wreath of fame which he had deservedly obtained. The lovely Matilda de Lacy had received the vows of the enterprising Robert, before honour called him from her society; and, during the course of three years, which absence had rendered doubly tedious, the traces of their juvenile passion remained unobliterated. It is much more easy for imagination to present some idea of the ecstacy De Blois experienced on returning to his native country, than for words to convey any adequate description; suffice it, the delight of seeing the maid he adored, formed the chief enjoyment of his soul. The last tints of daylight lingered in the atmosphere, as Robert pursued his way; all nature seemed in expressive silence to muse the praise of the Creator of all things; the curfew's lingering toll resounded among the hills, and alone interrupted the calmness of eve; when the young warrior paused a moment to survey the towers of the castle of the father of Matilda, where he had enjoyed the height of happiness in the society of his beloved.

Here, many months since, he had tasted the unmixed satisfaction of being in the company of the respected family, which consisted of the baron, his lady, and two lovely daughters; Matilda, the eldest, whose charms had fascinated his youthful heart, and Elfrida, the younger, on whose delicate cheek the pallid hue of the lily preponderated. Indulging the feelings of his heart, he stood gazing on the castle, until the appearance of a light, which shone through the well-known windows of the chapel, arrested his attention. "It is extraordinary," said he to himself, "that this part of the castle, dedicated as it is to religious purposes, should be frequented at this time." He hurried onward, his heart glowing with a foretaste of the ecstacy he was to enjoy on meeting with Matilda. As he approached the chapel, which seemed to be illuminated in an extraordinary manner, the sound of the organ broke on his ear; and the wind partially wafting the sound towards him, he fancied he distinguished a requiem. The heart of the gallant De Blois fluttered, a thousand boding fears were aroused, the requiem might be intended to sooth the soul of his Matilda; he shuddered as the thought flitted across his brain, while

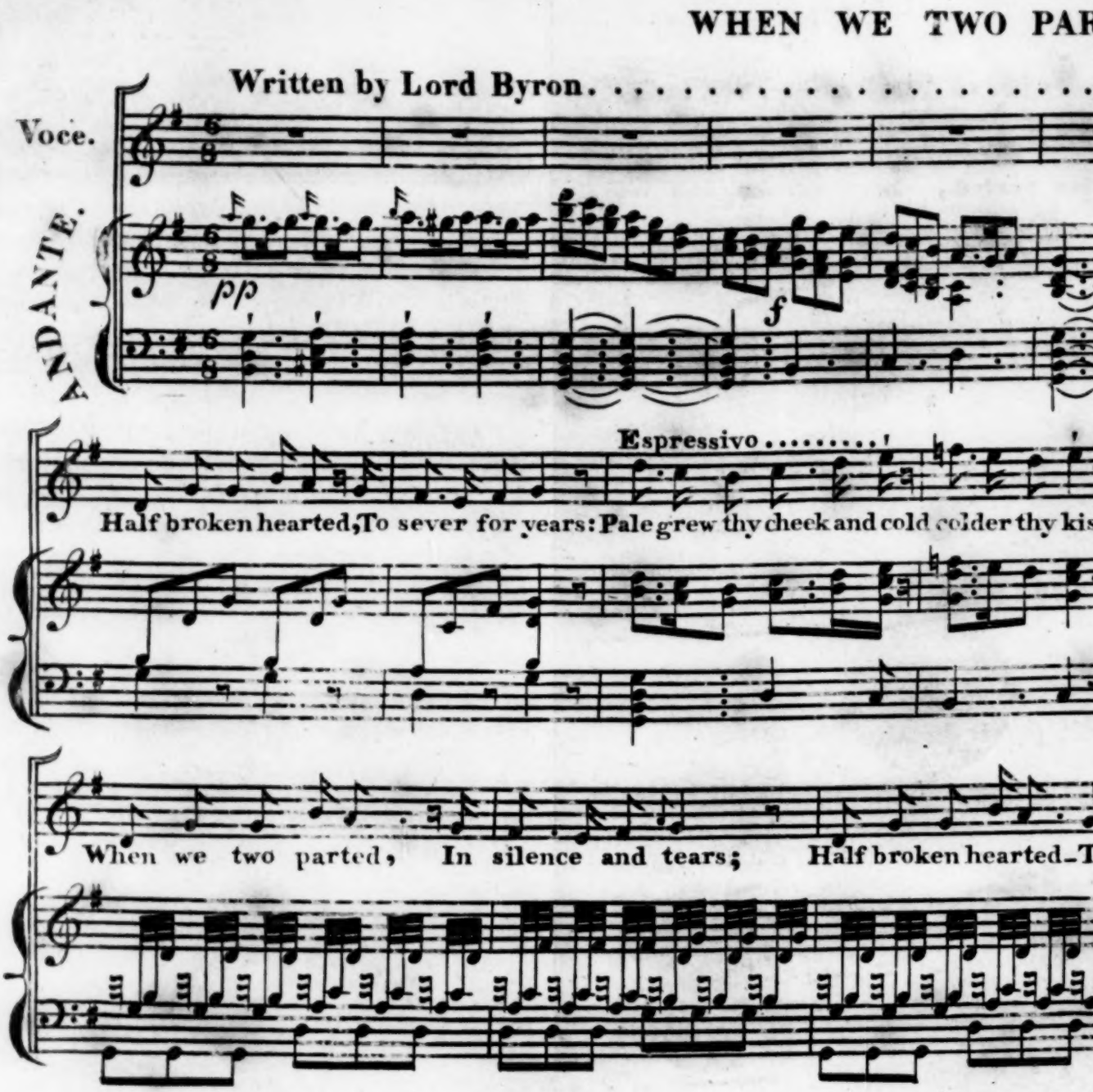
"Fear's trembling pencil, ever dipt in black,
Paints to his mind strange images of woe."

With hasty and uncertain steps, he proceeded to the gate, where he was instantly admitted; stopping to ask no question, he hurried towards the chapel, while hope, fear, and insupportable uncertainty, rent his soul. A short distance from the porch of the chapel, he met a female attendant, whom he instantly knew to be the private servant of Matilda. Placing himself in her path, he exclaimed, "Alice, why all this disturbance—the chapel—the requiem, wherefore?" "For heaven's sake, let me pass," exclaimed the agitated servant. "Oh! my poor mistress!" "What mistress?" enquired the half-distracted Robert; "where is your mistress? of whom do you speak?" "Of my lady Matilda!" shrieked the woman, and, with a convulsive effort, burst from the grasp of De Blois, and, rushing through an open door, dis-

appeared immediately in the interior of the castle. The unhappy youth was now little better than a maniac; there was no longer a doubt but that they were performing the funeral service over the body of his Matilda, ere her corpse was conveyed into the vaults belonging to the castle. He strode silently into the chapel unperceived; a scene now presented itself which agonized every feeling. The requiem had ceased, and the hollow voice of the priest-father consigned to the dust the body of some "dear sister," whom Robert judged to be his Matilda. The baron and his weeping consort hung over the coffin, and mingled their tears with those of their remaining daughter, who was clothed in deep mourning, and endeavoured to hide her sorrows behind a veil, which, though it concealed her tears, could not stifle her heart-rending sighs. She was supported by attendants, and seemed as if recovering from a temporary insensibility. De Blois stood in silent contemplation of the scene before him, until the priest had concluded; and six females, clad in white garments, approached to bear the coffin to the receptacle of the dead. Unable longer to controul his actions, he now rushed forward, and exclaimed, "Stay yet a moment! let me behold her once more!" All were paralyzed for a moment. At length, the baron stepped forward, and demanded, "What thoughtless wretch has disturbed the rites of interment? Who are you, and why are you come?" Lifting his eyes slowly from the coffin, Robert answered, "Know you not the truly wretched Robert De Blois!" "Can it be possible!" cried the doubting De Lacy; "you are come, my friend, at an unhappy period." He could say no more; for the attention of all was directed to the baron's remaining child, who, with a loud shriek, had relapsed into a swoon. "Surely, I should know that voice!" cried Robert, and flew to support the sinking female. His trembling hands threw back the veil from her face, and he beheld the features of—his Matilda! A gleam of the truth now shot across his mind, and he found his hasty fears had caused anguish which might have been spared him. At this moment, the servant he had encountered, proceed-

WHEN WE TWO PAR

Written by Lord Byron. . . . . .



—2—

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow—
I felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.—
Thy vows are all broken
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.—

—3—

They name thee before me
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me,
Why wert thou so dear.—
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well
Long, long shall I rue the
Too deeply to tell.

Published by DEAN & MUNDAY 35 Threadneedle Street. . . . . .

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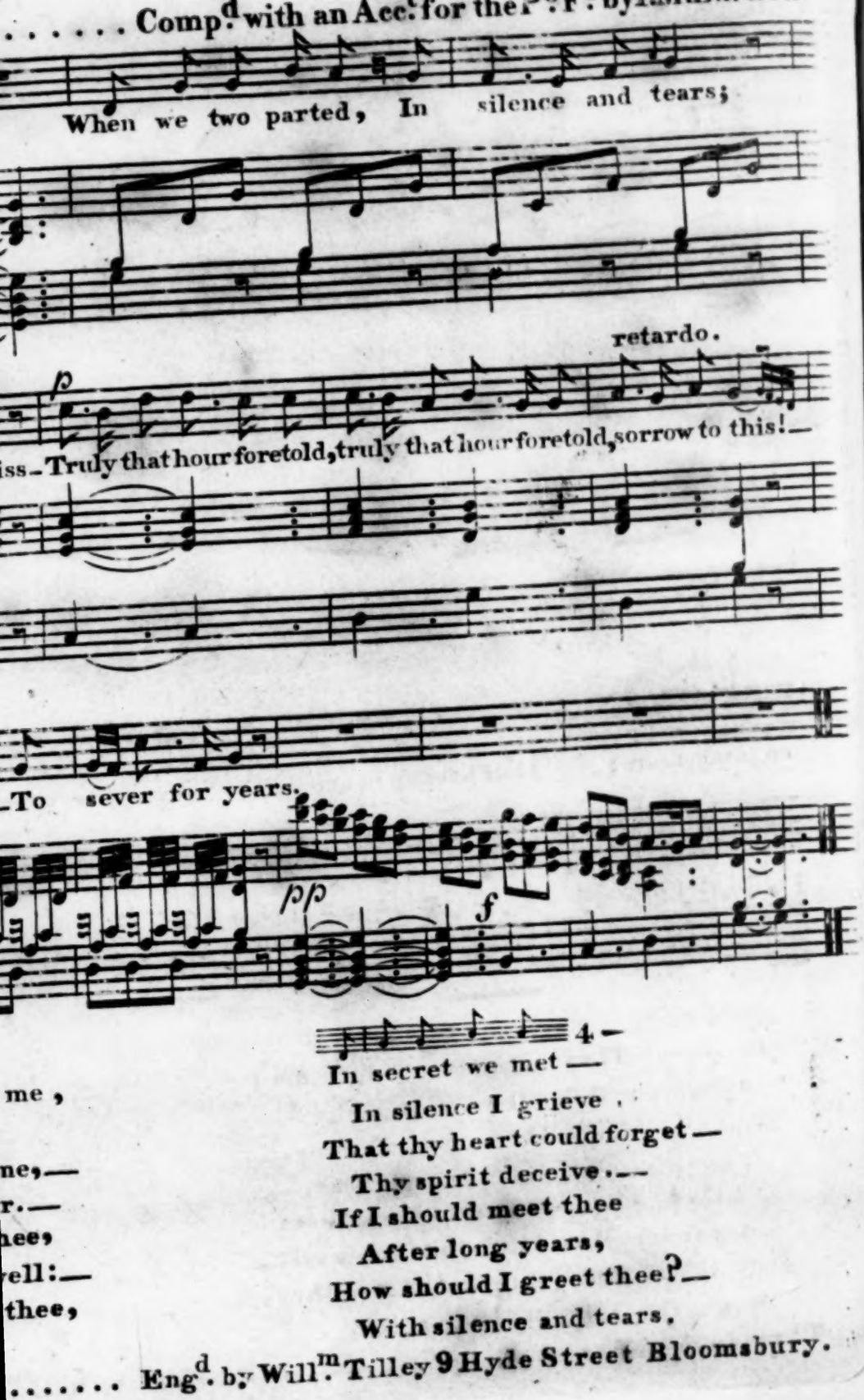

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had plunged her. Little more remains
the unfortunate Elfrida was consigned
to a lingering consumption; and thou
of one who possessed no inconsiderable
disturbed the bosom of Robert; yet he
portion of joy, little short of transport,
tilda was yet spared to welcome his retu

VOLTAIRE

Says, It is only when hope forsakes
seized with a species of melancholy, bo
that we are able to triumph over the ins
us to life, and are induced to endeavo
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LITERARY NOTIC

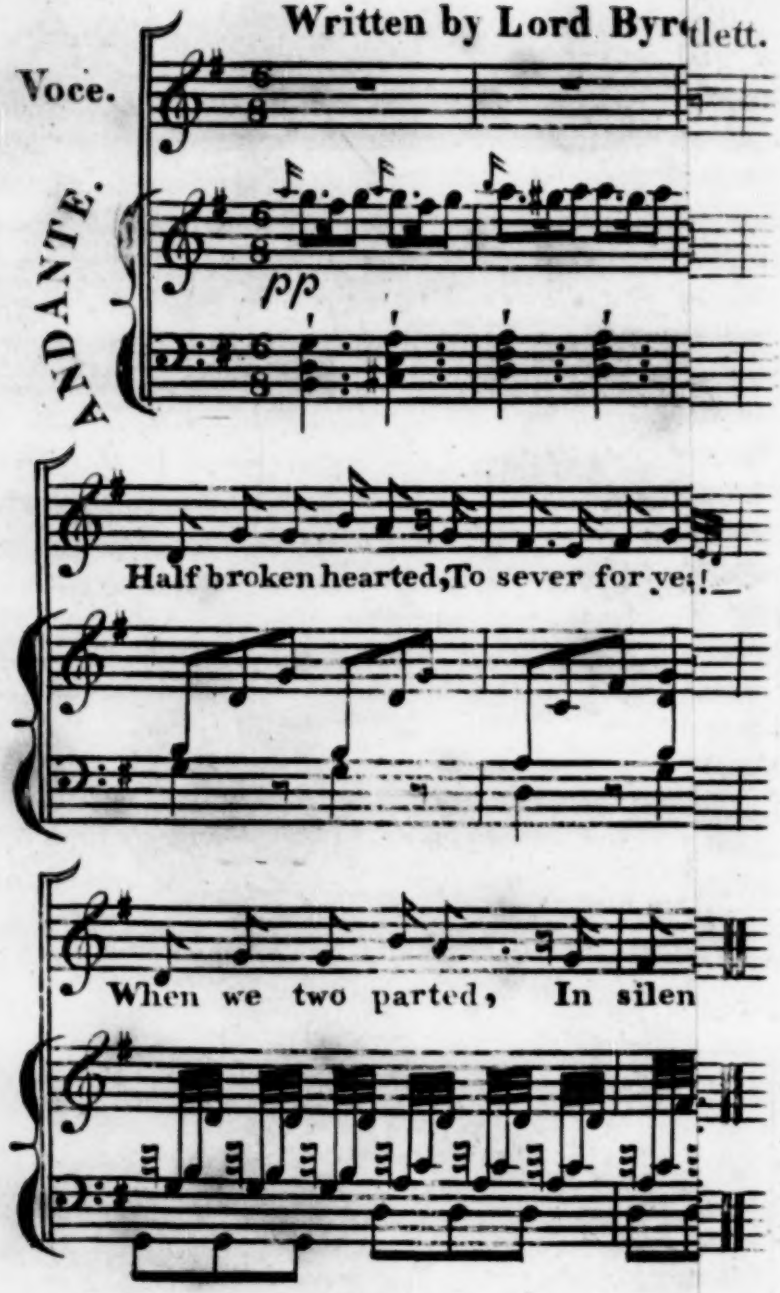
The following entertaining works are j

Family Annals; or, The Sisters; by
5s. boards.

Fortitude and Frailty, by Miss Holcro

Placide, a Spanish Tale. 2 vols. 8s. bo

Just published, *Le Moulinet*, the Alle
Quadrilles, explained by Diagrams: with
composed by Mr. Wilson. Price 4s.



— 2 —

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow —
I felt like the warning
Of what I feel now. —
Thy vows are all broken
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame. —

Published by DEAN & MUNDAY 35

in such haste from the chapel, returned with pungent restoratives, and he no longer doubted but the expressions which overwhelmed his soul, merely related to the insensibility into which Matilda's grief for the death of her sister had plunged her. Little more remains to add, the body of the unfortunate Elfrida was consigned to the tomb, a victim to a lingering consumption; and though sorrow for the loss of one who possessed no inconsiderable share of his affection, disturbed the bosom of Robert; yet he could not but feel a portion of joy, little short of transport, in knowing his Matilda was yet spared to welcome his return.

R. P.

VOLTAIRE

Says, It is only when hope forsakes us, or when we are seized with a species of melancholy, bordering on insanity, that we are able to triumph over the instinct which attaches us to life, and are induced to endeavour to leave a house which we think is very badly built, and which we have neither the hope nor the wish to improve.

LITERARY NOTICE.

The following entertaining works are just published—

Family Annals; or, The Sisters; by Mary Hays. Price 5s. boards.

Fortitude and Frailty, by Miss Holcroft. 4 vols. 22s. boards.

Placide, a Spanish Tale. 2 vols. 8s. boards.

Just published, *Le Moulinet*, the Allemande, and Waltz Quadrilles, explained by Diagrams: with the Waltz Minuet, composed by Mr. Wilson. Price 4s.

SOLUTIONS

OF THE ENIGMAS IN OUR LAST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADIES' MUSEUM.

SIR,

PURSUING the pleasure I feel to discover
The name of a peer for some competent lover;
Your Enigmas for May I have conn'd with attention,
And their sev'ral solutions I beg leave to mention.
Nineteen is *Lord Amherst*—and *twenty*, no doubt,
(If I've had the merit to find twenty out)
Is his *Lordship* of *Falmouth*, and then *twenty-one*,
Lord Fisherwick is—and the *next* is *An-son;*
Twenty-three is *Lord Grantham*—and, 'twixt me and you,
"A bird of destruction"—brings *Hawke* to our view.

May 5th, 1817.

ENIGMAS.

(Continued from page 278.)

25. A measure of forty-five inches, and
The Spanish title of a gentleman.

26. To go out of the way, to do amiss, and
The natural colour of flesh.

27. To insert a cion, or branch, and
In due progression.

28. Firm, difficult, or niggardly, and
The interior of a candle.

29. An implement to break clods with, and
A *preposition* set before a *noun* or *pronoun.*

30. The *plural* of a high land, and
A corporation town.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR MAY, 1817.

In our last, we regretted that Parliament had not turned its attention to any measures for the relief of the country, we have now, however, the satisfaction of saying, that a Bill has since been brought forward, which we hope will be found beneficial;—Exchequer Bills to the amount of one million and a half, for Great Britain, and £.250,000, for Ireland, out of the Consolidated Fund, are to be advanced to certain commissioners, to be distributed at their discretion, for relieving the poor-rates, by the encouragement of industry, and the employment of the poor in public works of utility, such as roads, canals, bridges, &c. and fisheries; securities for repayment to be taken from the poor's rates of the districts to which such moneys may be advanced; and the advances repayable in three years. As a temporary expedient to relieve present distress, if it answer the purpose, it must be approved; and it will give time, till something more effectual can be done; though nothing permanent, no revival of trade or commerce, can be expected, till the present oppressive load of taxes is greatly reduced.

Among other subjects of great political importance, the Catholic Question, after a long debate, was negatived on the 9th inst. by a majority of 24, in the House of Commons, and on the 16th inst. by a majority of 51 in the House of Peers.

Earl Grey, on Lord Sidmouth's Circular, the 12th inst. made one of the ablest speeches in the annals of Parliament, contended that the advice contained in that letter was illegal and unconstitutional, and moved, that a Copy of the Case submitted to the Attorney and Solicitor General, and on which they founded their legal opinion, be laid before the House: Lord Ellenborough spoke in favour of that opinion, Lord Erskine against it, and, on a division, there appeared a majority of 56 against the motion.—His Majesty's Ministers have signified their intention of renewing the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act on the 1st July, the time fixed for

it to expire; which measure is to be introduced by a communication respecting the internal state of the country, and to be referred to a committee. Sir Francis Burdett has moved for a return of the number of persons committed under the act, and Mr. Brougham has suggested the propriety of an Address to the Prince Regent not to dissolve Parliament during the Suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Sir James M'Intosh brought before the House of Commons the case of the unfortunate woman, Mary Ryan, who was unfeelingly brought to trial at the Old Bailey, for endeavouring to assist her husband in effecting his escape from Newgate, on the same morning of his execution; and, in a speech that does honour to humanity, moved for the production of the papers.

Petitions have been presented from Birmingham, and other parts of the kingdom, complaining of unexampled distress, and praying for relief.

The embassy to China has failed, and is on its return.—Conspiracies have been detected in various parts of Spain, and that kingdom is in a very unsettled state. The Spaniards have marched a large force under Castanos, to the frontiers of Portugal; and a rupture between these states is expected, but no formal declaration of war has yet been made.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES

Has lately been a subject of much conversation on the continent; the person on whom her Royal Highness conferred the honour of Grand Master of the Order of Caroline, instituted by the Princess, who was originally hired as a courier, and who styles himself Baron de Bergamo, of the Order of Malta, has had an intimation from the Court of Vienna, forbidding him to wear the decorations of his Orders, as not allowable to one who has been a menial servant. Some of his supposed adventures have got into print, in a poem called the "Bergameide;" which is said to have given offence to her Royal Highness, and to be one of the reasons for her quitting the villa at Como, within four miles and a half of Milan, after expending upon it nearly £.10,000. Her Royal Highness suspected that Baron Omteda had been employed to watch her, and, it is reported, made a remonstrance

which occasioned his departure from Milan. The Baron de Bergamo is a tall, stout-built man, but rather heavy in his appearance and manner. He says he is descended from a noble family, and reduced by misfortunes; and the Princess, no doubt, believes, or is willing to believe this true.

As the Princess of Wales was lately travelling from Vienna to Switzerland, on coming near a town in Germany, the Civil Authorities, who were informed of the approach of her Royal Highness, went to meet her on the road to offer their respects and congratulations. On their reaching the coach, they stepped up to the windows, and were proceeding with their address, when, to their great astonishment, they found it was empty. The fact was, that her Royal Highness was riding on the dickey for the purpose of viewing the country; and to prevent being surprised by brigands, had wrapped herself up in a large hussar cloak, and passed on without being known or discovered. There is not a movement of the Princess, however trivial, that is not known in this country.

In the Nuremberg Correspondenten, there is a publication announced, called The English Traveller; with Anecdotes of the Princess of Wales; which seems to have been intended as a justification of her conduct; assigns a variety of reasons for her leaving this country, and complains, that, from the influence of the British court, she can get none of the English gentry to live with her; and that she was obliged to form a new establishment composed of foreigners. We presume her character has been aspersed on account of her leaving this country, and this publication is written to prove that the course she took was unavoidable.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY-LANE.

April 28th. Macbeth was performed to introduce Mrs. Hill for the first time in the arduous character of Lady Mac-

beth; her style of acting is declamatory and florid to the last degree: she is naturally sprightly, and better suited to comedy; and therefore that close and undeviating attention to the main features of the ambitious Lady Macbeth which is required, may be difficult for her to attain, and must be acquired at the expence of all false ornament, whether of voice or manner: her voice is powerful and melodious, but modulated with too frequent and unmeaning inflections; and accompanied by extravagant action. These trial parts can hardly ever be considered the test of an actor's abilities, which often shine forth in a line unexpected.

Mr. Kenney's new Comedy of *The Touchstone, or, The World as it Goes,* is a feeble production in point of plot and interest; and but partially successful in dialogue and character. Mr. Kenney's *forte* lies in broad humour and farcical illustration of character. As a sentimentalist, he is vapid and tiresome; his feeling is often forced and distorted; and his style bombastic and out of taste. This play is not a little tinged with these defects; but not so as to obscure its merit, some portion of which it unquestionably possesses: it is tolerably well written, but has little originality in the sentiments, or the language in which they are clothed. It was favourably received.

A new piece of one act has been brought out, called *The House out at Windows.* It is a light combination of the farcical, the pantomimical, and the musical. It is probably taken in part from some of the slighter entertainments at the Parisian theatres. It was received with some disapprobation, but the approvers had the majority.

COVENT-GARDEN.

The new tragedy of "The Apostate" has been performed with great success for many nights; and is one of our best modern tragedies. The plot will be given in our next.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Morning & Carriage Dress for June 1817.

Invented by Mrs. Bell, 52. St. James's Street.

Pub. June 1. 1817. by Dean & Munday Threadneedle Street.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR JUNE, 1817.

MORNING DRESS

Is composed of fine India muslin, made something in the style of a half-robe, or tunique, formed by an ornament of rich-worked trimming round the bosom, down the front, and mixed with pink ribband running round the dress; the worked trimming is of English manufacture, which is very properly used instead of foreign; the sleeves are made loose and full, drawn at the wrist with pink ribband, and finished with worked trimming. This dress is worn moderately high, and round the neck is a beaufont. There is an elegance and simplicity in this dress which has made it in great request.

A Pamela Leghorn bonnet, ornamented with a bunch of roses, and trimmed fancifully with gauze and satin.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

A RICH white and elegant satin spencer, ornamented with a lappelled collar; the collar and the cuff of the sleeve is composed of rose-coloured satin; the cuff of the sleeve is worked so as to produce a beautiful trimming in the quilling style, though infinitely more pleasing than its name would import; the collar, the waist, and the cuff of the sleeve, are decorated round with a trimming of rich lace; the sleeve is made full.

With this spencer, which is intended both for the carriage and walking, is worn a fine India muslin petticoat, with two deep rows of flouncing, ornamented with British lace.

The Albion toque is worn with this dress: it is made of the richest white satin, with a quilling of lace all round the face, producing an effect something like lappets, made to tie in the front *ad libitum*; the toque is surmounted with a rich plume of ostrich feathers, fancifully tipped with delicate blue and rose-colour. Boots and gloves to correspond.

COSTUMES PARISIENNES.

THE morning dress is made round, of a simple and becoming form, the material is of Perkale; the body, which is entirely loose, is confined to the waist by a plain band of muslin, or a sash of tartan ribband; it is brought up to the throat, and has a high collar made of *bouillons* of clear muslin. The long sleeve is rather full, and the fullness is confined to the arm by rows of gimp. Sometimes *bouillons* of clear muslin, to correspond with the collar, form the cuff; and the trimming of the skirt is formed by a broad piece of clear muslin, divided into three or four rows of *bouillons*, by gimp placed between each row.

The dinner-dress is composed of Perkale, clear and worked muslin, and China crape: the gown is now worn much higher round the bust, so as to form a three-quarter high dress: the front of the dress is quite plain, the back broader than usual, and the sleeve falls a little off the shoulder. Long plain sleeves, finished at the wrist by rollios of satin, or bouillons of muslin, are in vogue for a dinner-dress. Muslin dresses are trimmed at the knee with bouillons of muslin, which are sometimes intermixed with satin ribband.

The Evening-dress is generally composed of blond, though sometimes gauze is used: the bodies and sleeves of full dresses are now profusely ornamented with point-lace; the latter are sometimes entirely composed of it. Gauze has taken place of *tulle* for full-dress, and white satin has the preference. The trimmings are always made of bouillons. Small pelerines of lace are frequently affixed to the back of the dress, and sometimes formed like a half-sleeve. The girdles most in use are made of white satin, about an inch in breadth, fastened in front by a diamond, pearl, or ruby clasp.

The prevailing colours are citron, lilac, blue, dark and light green, amaranth red, pale pink, and cherry-colour.

A white staw bonnet, called the peasant's, the crown of an oval form, rather low, and the front, which is extremely large, is square on one side, and very much sloped at the other, is the neatest walking bonnet seen; the edge of the front is ornamented by a full puffing of blond, headed by a plaiting of net, and trimmed with bouillons of ribband; which are generally striped in two or three colours. Bunches of flowers are placed at the side. But the same variety prevails, adapted to the taste of the wearer, which is often very fantastical.

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

STANZAS.

THE night was calm as the brow of death,
Not a cloud was in the sky,
And the winds blew soft as the timid breath
That whispers a lover's sigh;
The fields all glisten'd with frozen dew
That flash'd from a thousand stems,
And heaven, that look'd like an ocean of blue,
Was cluster'd with starry gems.

I gaz'd on the moon, for her pensive beam
In loveliest glory shone,
I gaz'd till my bosom felt a gleam
As placid and pure as her own;
And I thought in my soul there was one, perchance,
That gaz'd on the moon with me,
And then in a wild but heavenly trance
My spirit remember'd thee.

The fitful breeze, as it trembled by,
Just play'd upon my cheek,
And a voice, like pitying angel's sigh,
For a moment seem'd to speak—
I turn'd me round—perhaps 'twas nought
But the coldly-passing air;
Yet oh! how sweet was the soothing thought
Of thy spirit hovering there!

Quench'd is the beam that at midnight hour
Silver'd the Euxine wave,
And the maid, that watch'd from her lonely tower,
Is gone to the quiet grave;
But the pale moon yet, and the twinkling star
Have a mystic light above;
And the rays are hallow'd that shine from far,
A beacon to thoughts we love!

1816.

SONNET.

Thou wast methinks yet greater in thy fall,
And like some setting sun whose noon-day fire
So hotly blaz'd upon the world that all
Seeing such wondrous glory did admire;
And now when sinking far amid the west,
Begirt with storms of thunder that pursue
His downward course, and o'er his place of rest
Hang threat'ning, doth amaze the traveller's view
With splendour yet so mighty, dying gleams
So fraught with majesty, that as he fades,
Ting'd with reflected lustre from his beams,
The very clouds and thick descending shades
But add more beauty to his evening light,
More grandeur than adorn'd his full meridian height.

REASON*.

Le raisonneur tristement s'accredite;
On court, helas! après la verité:
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son merite.

I do not woo thy power, dread Queen,
Stern mistress of the frowning mien;
With busy step, and onward eye,
To those who bow before thee, fly;

* Schiller has written a celebrated Ode on a similar subject.

Nor let thy chilling influence bind
The high and uncontroulled mind.
Haste thee to those who love to trace
Mechanic laws for Time and Space,
And prove that undiscover'd force
Which guides the wandering planets' course:
O turn to those; but leave to me
Unfetter'd Nature, wild and free,
High on her universal throne,
Distinctly seen, but dimly known.

Leave me those dreams which they of old
The wise of other days have told,
Pouring through all Creation's range
Mysterious form, and being strange.
Oh! do not say yon glorious Sun
By Gravity's dull law can run;
Or think a cold and lifeless ball
Sheds heat, and light, and life o'er all.
Saw ye the downward wheels of night
Fly fast before the dawning light?
At first what silv'ry gleam it throws;
It blushes now—and now it glows—
It rises higher—'tis brighter still—
It tops yon golden-skirted hill—
And now it flings a certain ray—
It is, it is the Lord of Day!
How soon the gentle herald star
Grows pale before his gorgeous car;
And bears to climes still veil'd in night
Glad tidings of approaching light!
How quickly o'er Heav'n's azure zone
The fiery harness'd steeds have flown;
And brooding o'er the twilight pale,
Snuff freshness from the ocean gale!

So deem'd the Sage, till falling night
Pour'd other wonders on his sight:
Each star whose lustre o'er him play'd,
Once liv'd, some Hero, or some Maid;

Each beam of midnight's silv'ry throng
Was hallow'd by the Poet's song;
Here bright with borrow'd gems was seen
The chaplet of the Gnossian Queen;
Here wept the sister stars*, and here
Orion pois'd his glittering spear.
To the worn seaman's sleepless eye,
The Twins auspicious light supply;
And oft he thought his bark secure,
Steer'd by the guiding Cynosure.
Or when the swart and fiery North
Pour'd all his legion'd meteors forth,
And o'er the ruddy face of heaven
Flash'd the dread brand of midnight levin;
His wond'ring eye imagin'd then
Embattled shapes of armed men,
And saw in wild confusion hurl'd
The warriors of another world!

Breath'd there a gale of softer mood?
'Twas Zephyr who his Flora woo'd.
Did clouds the dark'ned sky deform?
Jove wing'd the bolt, and urg'd the storm.
Untutor'd in Refraction's law,
The many colour'd bow he saw,
And deem'd that Iris o'er the skies
Trac'd with light hand her fleeting dyes!

How chang'd the scene! with piercing gleam
Truth flings her scientific beam:
Rent is the veil! and light unbless'd
To Nature's inmost shrine has press'd!
For us no Naiad wells her tide;
No Wood-nymph decks the forest side:
With backward steps the mighty Pan
Has left his haunted groves to man;
Hush'd is the warning voice which broke
In murmurs from Dodona's oak;

* The Pleiades.

And 'neath the dark Cumœan cave,
To us no frantic Sibyls rave.
Now Earth, by hidden influence bound,
Spins ceaseless in its dizzy round;
And orbs on lifeless orbs arise,
To chase th' immortals from the skies!

These are thy triumphs, mighty Queen!
Thine is this dull material scene!
To fancy's faerie visions blind,
Stern Reason chains the fetter'd mind,
And turns its energies alone
To what is prov'd, and what is known! ANON.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO ——— ———.

YET stay awhile—the minstrel-song
Shall not offend thy quiet long;—
He seeks not now, with minstrel-wile,
To wake a cold approving smile;
Still less with minstrel-lay to move
The heart denied to minstrel's love.
But, oh! forgive, if o'er the past
Fond mem'ry looks, and loves her last!
Gazing with wild disorder'd eye,
With aching heart and stifled sigh,
On scenes that rapture drew too fair,
Too bright, alas! too sweet to share.
But, ah! though love be unreturn'd—
Though slighted—nay despis'd and spurn'd,
The lover's self be doom'd to fly
Each scene of careless infancy;
Endear'd by nearer—tend'rer ties—
By early hopes and sympathies—
Yet dread not angry look severe,
Reproving sigh, or taunting tear;

To heav'n alone he'll breathe a pray'r—
The last sad homage of despair!

* * * * * * * *

'Tis past—the conflict's rage is spent—
The veil of anxious doubt is rent;—
He flies in agony—but still
Pursued by sense of wrong and ill.
He flies—but oh! regret him not—
Alas! 'twere bliss to be forgot!
The tear that glistens in his eye
No partner's heaving breast will dry—
The throb that struggles to be free,
The gale will catch far, far from thee!
No joy his care-worn hour will know;—
No balm affection's hand bestow;—
Denied for ever love's soft breath
To sooth in life, or cheer in death,
He'll slumber 'neath a nameless stone,
Unwept—unpitied—and unknown!

1815. J. M. B.

STANZAS.

"Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be!"

WHAT fairer flow'ret blows
Than the sweet rose?
When the dew wets its stem,
What purer gem?
Or when the golden morn
Its leaves adorn,

What bud of varied dye
Salutes the eye
With so much beauty blest
As when carest?
Yes! there is one can tell
How far excell
The beauties of her cheek,
So mild, so meek!
Virtue, in sadness, shows
Like weeping rose,
And that chaste flow'r to me
Resembles THEE!

31*st January*, 1817. HATT.

ENIGMA.

FROM foreign climes my predecessors came,
A welcome found, and gain'd a lasting name;
Were introduc'd at court, and till this hour,
Maintain their places, dignity, and pow'r,
With unabated credit, for I'm sure
None of them ever held a sinecure.
In humbler scenes 'tis also mine to move,
Yet here of some importance still I prove,
And am so valued, I would have you know,
That my least ailment is a serious woe.
A mere domestic drudge, I seldom roam;
Call when you will, I'm sure to be at home.
'Tis true to beauty I make no pretence,
Some say, I have not even common sense;
How this may be is not the question now—
I do my duty, 'tis no matter how,
And prudent housewives, who would ne'er mispend
Their time in gossip, know me for a friend;
I guide, direct, arrange, and ne'er displease,
Am oft consulted, yet I take no fees;
Though some harsh lines in my pale face appear,
And giant-like my figure may appear,

Yet children view me without any dread,
And fearless see me stand beside their bed.
My head is large indeed, but void of brains,
Though skill in no small portion it contains;
I learnt arithmetic, and, when at school,
Addition always was my fav'rite rule,
Yet like a dunce my dull and senseless pate
Could never reckon more than seventy-eight;
I tried, and tried, yet found it all in vain,
My task I daily had to do again.
Yet still I'm trusted to, though folks will say
I mislead others when I go astray;
Revengeful you may think me, if you like,
For if provok'd, I'm very apt to strike;
Perhaps indeed to your fair hands I owe
The impulse that may urge me to the blow,
Yet fear me not for that—'tis very true,
Ladies, I never aim a blow at you.
Servants, although they seem to like me well,
Play me a thousand tricks I dare not tell;
Not that I'm dumb, for I can safely say,
That oft unwelcome tidings I convey.
I'm priz'd by husband, lover, wife, and maid,
Yet lovers of my voice are most afraid;
For though they anxiously my hints await,
My warning oftimes makes them curse their fate.

E. T.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Among other favours, we have to acknowledge the receipt of Musicus's Letter to the Gossiper, On the Duties attached to Affluence, Amelia's Letter to the Editor, The Punishment of Disobedience, a New System of Mythology, and The Soldier's Return, a Musical Farce.

Perfection not attainable, and an Anecdote of Marmontel at St. Brice, shall be inserted in our next.

We had already received a Solution to our last Enigmas, when L. R.'s letter came to hand.

"Mary, the Pride of the Plain," by Mr. Fiest, shall appear in our next.

The favours of Mr. J. M. Lacey, Mr. Hatt, and others, whose contributions we have not room to insert this month, shall be early attended to.

A. Z. is under consideration. Acrostics are at all times little suited to our taste.

BRITISH MUSEUM 14 SEP 46

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